





## Miscellaneous.

## BIBLE THOUGHTS AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

BY REV. N. G. ANTELL.

"When He shall come to be glorified in His saints, and to be admired in all them that believe."—2 THESS. I: 10.

The coming of the Lord Jesus shall reveal Him as peculiarly exalted in virtue of His mediatorial work, and His saints shall be glorified in His exaltation. He shall be glorified not merely with the glory which He had with the Father before the world was, but in those whom He has rescued from sin and death, and who now stand in His presence radiant with the beauties of holiness.

In the perfected holiness which His saints shall possess, and which shall be manifested at His appearing, shall the Lord Jesus be glorified and admired. They are not only acquitted, delivered from the guilt of sin through His mediatorial work, but they are made holy.

To be holy is to be whole, entire, perfect in a moral sense. The meaning of the terms "holy" and "holiness" are modified according to the subjects to whom they are applied. A human being is holy who is pure in heart, temper or disposition, free from sin and sinful affections. Applied to the Supreme Being, holiness signifies perfectly pure and immaculate, and complete in moral character.

Only in a modified sense is any man holy. God only is absolutely holy. Holiness is like the perfect flower before it is soiled or withered; or it is like the bloom and fragrance of the aromatic flower; or, to put it in another form, holiness is the healthy action of all the powers of the heart, soul and mind. When a man consecrates himself, sets himself apart for the service of God, then in a limited sense he is made holy. Man is more or less holy according as his heart is more or less purified from evil dispositions. We call a man holy when his heart is conformed in some degree to the image of God, and his life is regulated by the divine precepts, when he is regenerated by the Holy Spirit and made a new creature.

The beginning of holiness is when the man consecrates himself to the service of God and is accepted of Him, receiving the pardon of his sins. When the soul is thus pardoned, then the great business of life is to perfect holiness. "Let us cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, perfecting holiness in the fear of the Lord," Paul exhorts, and he says: "As ye have received Christ Jesus the Lord, so walk ye in Him, rooted and built up in Him, and established in the faith." In walking in Christ Jesus the Lord as we have received Him, the power and the spirit of holiness become dominant, all controlling, in us. In conversion we receive Him as our Saviour, and by faith we abide in Him, and abiding in Him we bring forth the fruits of holiness; the graces of the Christian character are growing and flourishing in our lives.

Holiness, as it relates to man, is the totality or sum-total of the graces implanted in the soul when it comes to God and is accepted through Christ; it is the development, the growth and maturing, of these graces; it is their completeness and prevalence in the daily life. It is the fruit of the Spirit as manifested in love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance. In the minds of some there seems to be a cloud of mysticism gathered around this subject, and they seem to separate holiness from the common salvation which believers have in trusting in the Saviour Christ, and appear to think that it is something different from purity of thought, and aim, and purpose; something different from the sweetness of patience, and meekness, and gentleness, and loving obedience to the commands of God, and fidelity in His service. But true holiness is just the presence and the prevalence of these graces. All religious exercises and services conducted according to good ideals, as reading the Word, private prayer, every prayer-meeting, every service of the sanctuary—all these are designed solely for the promotion of this experience and life. They are intended for "the perfecting of the saints, for the edifying of the body of Christ, till we all come, in the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ."

Holiness is that divine principle, or power in the heart, which "maketh increase of the body unto the edifying of itself in love." The perfection of love in the heart, its complete enthronement, its universal domination, so that all the passions and powers are at all times subject to its control, not allowing any thought, or feeling, or purpose contrary to it to find a dwelling-place in the soul—this is the ideal of holiness as attainable here on earth. It is a character rooted in the divine life and growing up into God.

Now Jesus is glorified here, in the eyes of the world, by His all-victorious power exhibited in purified virtuous lives, in the examples of goodness which men are permitted to look upon, and of which they hear, in the history of the march of the Gospel over the world. But in a higher and fuller sense He shall be glorified and admired in His saints, when He shall come the second time, when He shall be revealed from heaven in flaming fire."

Then there shall be a complete reversal of the results of sin; then there shall no longer cling to the saints those imperfections, and follies, and liabilities to error of judgment, which are the results of the fall, and which the highest attainments possible on earth do not remove. Then there shall be in the saints a complete likeness of the Saviour, and they shall be completely and eternally blessed. Jesus is glorified, is exalted, in the salvation of the saints; in their

pardon, in their perfected holiness, in their perfect and eternal blessedness, His grace, His love, His wisdom, His power, are displayed, and therefore He is exalted in them.

In the exaltation—the purity and blessedness which they possess—they exalt and glorify Him. He shall be eternally admired in them that believe. We can understand something of what is meant here, or of the principle on which this admiration proceeds. We admire men in their work, and in the results of their work. There is an instinctive homage and admiration yielded to men when we look upon the productions of their skill, genius, or power.

You look upon a magnificent pile of architecture, and you admire the architect in it; or upon a splendid painting, and you admire the artist; or upon some wonderful invention, and you admire the genius of the inventor; or upon some curiously wrought and highly-finished elaborate piece of mechanism, and you admire it to the skill of the artisan. Who that has looked upon the Cathedral of Milan, its double aisles, its clustered pillars, its lofty arches, the lustre of its walls, its numberless niches filled with its thousands of marble figures, its fretwork, its carving, its hundred pinacles, its variegated floors, without admiring the genius that conceived and planned, and the skill that executed and made actual, all these wonderful combinations of beauty? Who that has gazed upon the Campanile of Florence, that head-stone of beauty, raised above the towers of watch and war, "the model and the mirror of perfect architecture," as Mr. Ruskin calls it, that bright, smooth, sunny surface of glowing Jasper, those spiral shafts and fairy traceries, "so white, so faint, so crystalline, that their light shapes are hardly traced in darkness on the pinnacles of the east—sky," that serene height of monumental alabaster, colored like a morning cloud and chased like a seashell—who that has looked upon all this, has not beheld in that tower's magnificence the glory of the genius whose thought created all this splendor, that genius who had his birth and growth and training, not in the walls of Florence, but among the far-away fields of her hills—that shepherd boy, Ambro Giotto, who became indeed a king among men?

But what is the grandest and most beautiful piece of architecture compared with the building up of a soul in holiness—the building into a character the stones of enduring beauty, whose every line and hue shall eternally reflect the glory of God? You look upon those grand frescoes of Correggio in the Cathedral of Parma, or upon the Madonna of Raphael, and those great artists are admired in the productions of their genius; but what is all this compared with tracing upon the undying mind the living lines of moral beauty, which shall be as enduring as eternity? These productions of the great masters shall perish, but the beautifying work of the Redeemer is eternal; the lines of beauty which He traces upon His glorified people do not become fainter as the ages roll away, but grow clearer and more distinct; there is an ever-increasing beauty.

## THE CASTE QUESTION AGAIN.

BY REV. G. M. STEELE, D. D.

When we presume to remonstrate against the subservience of our church officials to the old Southern spirit, we are constantly met by the oracular assertion that we here at the North do not understand the case at all; that we totally misapprehend the situation; and that only men who are on the ground can discern the condition of things. I have in a former article remarked upon the utter flimsiness and effete-ness of this utterance. Its worthlessness has been demonstrated long ago. But there are still persons who are affected by it, and think there may be something in it. For the sake of such I wish to give you among many specimens of the testimony which come unsought to us from all parts of the South. These do not come as frequently as they probably would but for the fact that our workers in the South, who are the real friends of the colored people, are carefully and diligently advised by certain official persons not to meddle with this question, but to keep close to their work. There seems to be a wholesome fear that inconvenient and disagreeable facts should be known. It is the old method—the ante-bellum tactics of suppressing information and agitation.

I have just received a letter from a man who has spent some time in the South doing faithful and valiant work among the freedmen. He says that after two years in one place he saw last month for the first time a white member of our church, and he the founder of the Conference and a Northern man.

"Not a colored man wanted the church divided. They were constantly made to feel that they were not wanted; that the white work would not prosper if the white and black ministers merely met in Conference together once a year; for there never was any more association than this. White men traveled the same circuit and preached, perhaps, in the same churches on alternate Sundays; but never was a colored man allowed to receive the communion in a white congregation except after the whites. Even in camp-meetings held by white men for colored people, where a few white members were present, the communion was administered to the whites first, and then to the colored."

"At a white meeting a presiding elder put up an excellent colored man to preach, when he was the white members of the M. E. Church left the building in disgust. Some stiff old Democrats, not specially religious, stayed through, glad to hear the old man. Some of the best preachers of the Church South are open to our best colored men, but never one of the white M. E. churches."

"This constant snubbing has cost us tens of thousands of the best colored men in the South to a thousand such white men as we have gathered. There is hardly a man in these other colored churches but says, 'I would like to be in the old mother church, but cannot stand such treatment.'"

"The plain truth is, that we have lost many more to what we gained, and have compromised ourselves to boot. The Zion and African churches, not so pure or virtuous as we could make them, maintain their being to-day almost wholly through the spirit in our church."

"When the white ministers who urged and brought about the separation, found the missionary money gradually decreasing, they went back to the Church South. These white men squandered Church Extension money, and I can take you to ill located churches closed for years, and to others that colored congregations have opened and assumed the losses made."

"A people that can trade, work, vote, eat and sleep together, but cannot worship or commune together, is not Methodist Episcopal, however it may be baptized."

Evidently some of our superintendents "do not understand this matter as well as those that are on the ground." My friend, the astute secretary of the Freedmen's Aid Society, and the directors of our Church Extension and Missionary Societies, are obviously not aware of the real facts of the case, or they would not allow money contributed for the love of Christ and of the souls for which Christ died, to be used for purposes so utterly hostile to the spirit of His Gospel.

I have another letter just at hand from a prominent educator in the South, who is thoroughly familiar with the whole subject, and who probably knows ten times as much about the situation as those who magisterially assure us that we "should see things in a different light if we were in the South." This letter breathes the same spirit of honest indignation at the course pursued, and bears witness to the same kind of facts as we find in the letter from which extracts have been made.

## LETTER FROM PARA, BRAZIL.

MR. EDITOR: My last note to you was dated October, 1881, and told of the death by yellow fever of two of my helpers—one my brother John, of the Wisconsin Conference, and the other Miss Hattie Bachelder, of Kent's Hill, Me. To fill their places my brother Willie, just graduated from Lawrence University, came last June and brought his noble young wife. In November she suddenly fell a victim to the same terrible disease, and was buried by the side of the other two. That left me with only two helpers besides my wife—a number by no means sufficient for the work which before had increased beyond our strength.

Since August I had been preaching and conducting Sunday-school, and one of the results was an increasing opposition to our school by the priests, which threatened seriously its success financially. We decided unanimously that it would be for the best interests of the mission to suspend the school and continue the gospel work. In December I sent home my brother Willie and my music teacher, Miss Clara M. Blunt. After closing up the college I entered the office of a rubber exporting house, and an here temporarily until another position is ready for me which will give me more time for gospel work during the week. Our congregations on Sunday number thirty-five or forty persons, who are very attentive and quiet. Our services are held in a private house, and the greater part of the rent is paid by subscription among the American, English, and German friends here, and some native sympathizers. We are laying a solid foundation of Bible teaching and bonds of personal friendship, avoiding as much as possible all offense to our opponents, but sparing no effort that hinders men's salvation. The interest among our friends is increasing, and consequently among our opponents, who are taking quiet but very active measures to prevent our work. As yet we count no heart conversions, but there are quite a number who have renounced Catholicism in the face of much opposition, and are becoming firmly grounded in Bible doctrine.

The field is a rough and difficult one, but full of rich promise. We still believe firmly in that grand man, Wm. Taylor, and in his plans for his South American work. I do not attempt to report for the continent; but for this city the self-supporting principle is the short road to success. It means downright hard work; but there is nothing like it to give confidence, sympathy, and friends, the *sine qua non* of missionary success. My wife sails for Boston to-morrow with our two boys, to spend six months among her Massachusetts friends. I stay to push the battle.

JUSTUS H. NELSON.

March 13, 1883.

## NEW HAMPSHIRE CONFERENCE.

(Reported by REV. O. S. BAKETEL.)

FRIDAY.

A congregation completely filling the Baker Memorial Church, gathered for the meeting of the Woman's Foreign Missionary anniversary in the evening. Mrs. Judkins, the gifted wife of Presiding Elder Judkins, presided. For the first time all the district secretaries were present.

The exercises opened with the reading of a portion of Scripture by Mrs. D. J. Smith, of Concord district. Prayer was offered by Mrs. Richardson, of Claremont district. Mrs. G. W. Norris, of the Dover district, read the 97th hymn. Mrs. Judkins, as the Conference secretary, read her report, which was very full of cheer. Some new auxiliaries have been organized, and all are full of life. The society holds receipts for \$1,939.43 received during the year. Of this amount, \$100 is a legacy from the estate of Mrs. Rev. Wm. D. Cass; \$10 is from Peking by Clara Cushman; \$31 is interest on two legacies, leaving \$1,818.43 raised in the churches. Of this, \$1,663.97 has been by the auxiliaries, leaving \$154.46 raised in the churches having no auxiliaries.

Mrs. Dr. Butler delivered the address. All who have ever heard her know what we enjoyed. She held the audience closely for an hour, making a profound impression upon them.

The collection amounted to \$37.55.

SATURDAY.

The morning prayer-meetings have not been attended as largely as they might have

been, but they have been interesting and profitable occasions. The meeting this morning, held by Dr. Butler.

The Bishop, who is a man of promptness, appeared at 9 o'clock, and began the business of the day.

The stewards presented their report, and distributed the funds in their hands. They paid the full amount of the basis, and, as they said, "a little more."

J. W. Adams read the report of the committee on Temperance. It was an able paper, full of progressive and aggressive ideas. During its reading report was frequently applauded. After some discussion it was unanimously adopted.

Dr. Warren, of Boston University, was introduced and addressed the Conference relative to the work that is being done in the institution over which he presides.

The committee on Education presented their report, which was adopted. It touched the work being done in all the institutions that regard us as a patronizing Conference.

One Cole read the report of the committee on the Conference Summary. Pending its adoption interesting addresses were delivered by S. E. Quimby, the president, S. Holman, financial agent, and D. C. Knowles.

Dr. Beach, president of Wesleyan University, was introduced and delivered a grand address. This is his first appearance in this Conference, and he has made a fine impression.

The committee in the case of G. W. Roland reported that the trouble existing between himself and the Suncook church had been adjusted, and they recommended that his character pass. The Conference so voted.

The report of the Freedmen's Aid Society was read and adopted.

The committee to whom is given the responsible task of making up the statistics of the Conference, presented, through their chairman, their report. It was found that a good many blanks had been left in the statistics, hence the figures were not from fact.

The report was earnestly discussed, and finally recommended, with instructions to seek to fill up all the blanks through any means by which they could secure the information.

As a result of this report and its discussion, a resolution was adopted, putting the seal of disapprobation upon any one who fails to properly fill up the blanks, and ordering that next year any pastor not reporting by Friday of the Conference session, shall be called in open Conference and requested to explain the omission.

S. P. Heath was granted, at his own request, a supernumerary relation without an appointment.

Chas. J. Chase was elected to deacon's orders.

H. H. French was admitted on trial.

The committee on Ministerial Support reported. Also the committee on Church Extension.

Conference adjourned with the benediction by Dr. Merrill.

At 2 P. M. was held the Church Extension anniversary, D. C. Knowles presiding. This meeting had been delayed from time to time for the coming of Chaplain McCabe, but at noon a telegram from him was received, stating that he could not be present; so home talent had to be employed.

G. O. A. McLaughlin delivered a very good address. O. S. Baketel spoke. Dr. Vincent having come into the church, was called upon for a five-minute speech on Church Extension. It is needless to say he used all the time and made a capital speech.

With men like Bro. McLaughlin and Dr. Vincent, the meeting could not be called a failure, though all were greatly disappointed at not seeing Chaplain McCabe.

In the evening came the Sunday-school anniversary, and Dr. Vincent. Many had come with a very earnest desire to hear the great Sunday-school leader. They were not disappointed, for he gave one of his best addresses.

SUNDAY.

Sunday was a grand day. In order to accommodate as many as possible who desired to hear the sermon of Bishop Simpson, the services were held in the South Congregational Church, beginning with the love-feast at 9 o'clock, led by Dr. Pike. It continued for nearly an hour and a half, during which time eighty testimonies were given. Throughout this service the people were coming, so that by the time the preaching service began, fully fifteen hundred people were packed into the church.

The Bishop was assisted in the opening services by Dr. Fowler. He selected as his text Eph. 1: 10. "That in the dispensation of the fullness of time, he might gather together in one all things which are in Christ," etc. It was a grand effort and gave to every Christian a hopeful view and outlook with reference to the conquest and victorious reign of Christ.

At 2 o'clock Dr. Fowler, of New York, one of the missionary secretaries of the church, preached from 1 Cor. 13: 12. "For now we see through a glass darkly." It was a great sermon, full of grand thoughts, and delivered in the earnest manner which is characteristic of the Doctor.

At the close of the sermon the Bishop ordained the following persons as deacons: F. C. Pillsbury, C. J. Fowler, F. H. Corson, A. W. Trenchard, C. J. Chase.

At 4.30, in the Opera House, was held a grand temperance rally, addressed by D. C. Baketel and Dr. Vincent.

The closing service of the day was the missionary anniversary. Otis Cole presided. Dr. Fowler delivered one of his thrilling addresses; or, as he stated it, he came with a message. New Hampshire Conference has not, in the memory of the present writer, had a more powerful or stirring address than this. We hope to see him at future sessions.

MONDAY.

E. C. Bass led the morning prayer-meeting.

At 9 o'clock the Bishop called the Conference to order.

H. Chandler presented the report of the committee on Benevolences, which was adopted.

Dr. Dearborn, visitor to the Wesleyan Association, presented a verbal report to the Conference.

The Bishop presented the certificate of the deacons ordained yesterday.

G. H. Hardy presented the report of the committee on the Bible Cause.

G. W. Roland was granted a supernumerary relation.

The committee of nine appointed to consider the case of candidates for admission and ordination were continued for next year's work.

D. C. Knowles was appointed visitor to the Wesleyan Association.

H. H. Copp was continued supernumerary with an appointment.

J. A. Steele and N. P. Philbrook were made supernumerary without appointment.

The Conference requested the Bishop to appoint C. U. Dunning, chaplain to Essex County House of Correction; C. R. Harding, chaplain to Fitchburg Prison; S. Holman, chaplain to N. H. State Prison.

A collection was taken for Conference expenses, amounting to about \$30.

The transfer to this Conference was announced of F. K. Stratton and I. M. Adams from the New England, C. S. Norton from N. E. Southern, Thomas Tyne from Maine Conference.

Dr. Fowler addressed the Conference on the missionary subject.

D. C. Knowles presented a resolution which was adopted, condemning the practice of buying votes that prevails among politicians, and even among some church members, and asking the members of the Conference to read in their congregations paragraph 166, section 9, of the Discipline.

J. M. Darrell was appointed to preach the Conference centennial sermon, and D. C. Knowles the missionary sermon.

There being no further business, the 81st hymn was announced, J. W. Adams led in prayer, and the Bishop followed in a very touching yet practical address.

The appointments were then read, the benediction pronounced, and after congratulations and kind words to disappointed ones, we were soon on our way for the work of a new year.

## Temperance.

Insanity from intemperance is on the increase, especially in England, where it shows an alarming increase, judging from the last reports of one of the largest asylums, the Crichton Royal Institution, where in the last five years the admissions due to intemperance have risen from 8 per cent. to 35 per cent.

Recently, an errand took a lady and gentleman to a poor home in a secluded part of the city. Lying across the threshold was a woman—drunk. The horror of the awful truth in strong drink swept over the man's soul, and he exclaimed passionately: "I have opposed prohibition hitherto; now my influence shall all be in its favor." — *Signal*.

"It's too late to save me," said a poor old drunkard when urged to reform. "It is too late to save me, but oh! for God's sake, save the boys." Yes it was too late for him; he had fallen too low to dream of forgiveness and peace. The demon of drink held his soul in bondage, and he had lost forever all hope of salvation. With the consciousness of his own degradation, he pleaded not for himself, but "for God's sake, save the boys!"

The spring term of the Ohio Wesleyan University began on the 4th inst., with a full attendance. Between forty and fifty new students matriculated, and all the work of the University was promptly and auspiciously commenced the first day. The first University prayer-meeting was largely attended, and was an occasion of great enthusiasm and joyful interest. Scores of inspiring testimonies were given, and many spoke of never having begun a term under such favorable circumstances. The new catalogue of the University will soon be issued.

We take the following notice of Prof. Winchester's introductory lecture on "English Literature" in Hartford, from the *Courant* of that city:—

"Prof. Winchester fully met in his opening lecture the expectations of his warmest friends. He gave a rapid and yet thorough survey of the English and the London of Queen Anne and her successors, of manners and ornaments, of the tone of thought and of morals, and succeeded in conveying a most vivid and delightful sense of the time which he pictured."

The *Conrant*, in speaking of his second lecture, states that it was even better than his first, and that Hartford is now enjoying the best course of lectures that has been delivered in the city for years.

## Our Book Table.

AMERICAN POLITICS (Non-Partisan) FROM THE BEGINNING TO DATE, by Hon. Thomas V. Cooper and Hector T. Fulton, esp. 8vo, 1,058 pp., subscription book. Boston: Russell & Henderson. The chief complaint of this stout and very convenient volume is an editor, as well as an ex-representative, and shows his professional tact in this useful encyclopedia of political definitions, historical references, tabulated statistics and offices, with ready platforms and noted speeches. Quite a full index renders this vast amount of miscellaneous, but valuable, political information readily available. A full Blue Book of the present administration is given, and an excellent chronological table of the chief political incidents from the institution of a separate government by the colonies down to 1882. The volume will be a very convenient addition to an editor's library, and will be equally well appreciated by the politician, the professional man, and the man of business.

SACRED SCRIPTURES OF THE WORLD, by Rev. Martin R. Schenck, M. A. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 8vo, 406 pp. For sale in Boston by A. Williams & Co. In this handsomely published volume, the preacher at the new "Theistic Church," in New York city, has made such a selection as accorded with his own taste from the Hebrew and Greek Scriptures of our Christian Bible, choosing particularly such as embodied ethical lessons, and eschewing, or explaining away, any that seemed to convey an idea of a supernatural act. To these selections he adds extracts from the sacred books of the Persians, from Buddhist writers, from Chinese collections, from the works of Plato and other Grecians, from Epictetus and other Roman ethical authors, and from the Koran. As a volume showing the comparative ethical qualities of the inspired, and of human, writings, it is not without much interest to the student of comparative religions; as a substitute for the revealed Canon, no one that has tasted the better wine will think of being satisfied with this.

STUDIES IN CHURCH, by Henry C. Lea. Philadelphia: Henry C. Lea's Sons & Co. 8vo, 603 pp. This is a new and very neatly published and revised edition of a work which was first issued in 1869. It contains an able historical review and discussion of the rise of the temporal power in the Church of Rome, of the relation of the State to the clergy, of the nature and execution of the act of excommunication, and of the relation of the early church to slavery. These elaborate essays give, with great fullness and convincing power, the indictments of the Reformed and Protestant bodies against the papal power, and present vividly the occasion and the gradual assumption of both spiritual and temporal power by the Bishops of Rome. The argument is constantly fortified by references, and forms a whole

some line of study for thoughtful Protestants in these days, when Roman Catholicism is so much in vogue. The Church, shorn of its secular power, presents itself in our country at least, in the form of a martyr to "Protestant bigotry." The motto of that church is *semper eadem*—always the same. If this is true, she only lacks the power still to excommunicate, to imprison and to burn.

A SELECTION OF SPIRITUAL SONGS, with Music for the Church and the Choir. Selected and Arranged by Rev. Charles S. Robinson, D. D. New York: The Century Co. This is a revised edition of the book first issued in 1870, and which, like its predecessor, "Songs for the Sanctuary," enjoyed an unprecedented popularity as a text-book for the service of worship in song. More hymns in this edition are published without set pieces to permit of a wider selection of music on the part of choir leaders. Dr. Robinson has a marked genius for the preparation of church hymn-books, which, happily for him, is abundantly appreciated by the Christian public. Next to the last collection of our own church, we unhesitatingly place this of Dr. Robinson.

It is a remarkable fact that the lives of two Bishops Haven should appear at the same time from the press of the church. They are both remarkably interesting, and yet absolutely diverse in character. Of the same family circle—cousins—educated at the same university, bishops of the same church, dying within a short period of one another, both beloved and eminent, no two men in the denomination have been more unlike. We have just arisen from the reading of the AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF BISHOP E. O. HAVEN, edited by C. C. Stratton, D. D., and published by Phillips & Hunt, of the Methodist Book Concern. The autobiography of Bishop Haven's presidency of Michigan University, and his letters and diary afford large material for the complete story of his very active and devoted life. The first portion of the volume has a peculiar significance about it. It is marked with the mental and moral peculiarities of Bishop Haven—his sincerity and pronounced honesty, his thoroughness of investigation, his habit of philosophizing upon every event, his elevation of character, and his chaste and attractive style. He was an excellent scholar, fighting his way against serious difficulties to a liberal education, and possessing knowledge with an eager appetite as long as he lived. He was a rare man, with little pretense or self-assertion, remarkably well poised for one so full of enthusiasm, an eminent educator and college governor, careful in his preparation of public addresses, and yet singularly endowed with a power of eloquent and spontaneous ability. He was too frail for the exhausting duties of the episcopacy, and so he resigned to the excessive demands upon a frail constitution. The editor has shown great wisdom in arranging his material, and has given to the church a delightful and eminently profitable memorial of one of the purest and best men which our American church has reared.

The American Sunday School Union issues a very interesting and useful volume, entitled "The Boy's Own Book," by St. Ulrich, or, Residing on the King's Word. It is an eminently religious, instructive, and sweetly written volume, illustrating the sweetness and power of abiding faith in the promises of God's Word.

Oliver Ditson & Co. issue THE MUSICAL EXERCISER, A New Collection of Music, for Piano-forte. It is not a preliminary book of instruction, but a fine collection of pieces for an amateur in the art. It bears high commendation from those capable of judging of its merits, and its adaptation to the purpose for which it is issued.

Books, And How to Use Them. Practical Hints for Readers and Students, by John C. Van Dyke. New York: Ford, Howard & Hubert. \$1.00, 12mo, vellum cloth. This very neatly published little volume is quite original in its manner of treating a somewhat old subject, and is very important. He differs from most of the leading writers in his opinion of the books to be chosen and of the way to read profitably; but he urges his views with much vigor and freshness of illustration. It is a volume simple and suggestive little manual, and no intelligent young person can read it without profit. Just at this hour, when the library question is attracting so much attention, its thoughtful pages will be appreciated.

From the same house we have THE HOUSEKEEPER'S YEAR BOOK, which is a very handy manual with a calendar, many valuable household recipes, and blanks for every variety of entry inclining to intelligent housekeeping. The lady who has charge of the family expenses has but to see it to appreciate its convenience and usefulness.

No one has failed to be impressed with the religious power and earnestness of Mr. Booth, the commander-in-chief of the Salvation Army. His real piety and his conversion are unquestioned; but the St. John of the movement, his wife, Mrs. Booth, is a lady of extraordinary natural endowments, of a rich religious experience, and of remarkable force of character. She commands large audiences in the wealthiest and most cultivated portions of London. Her discourses have an extraordinary directness, surpassing even Mr. Moody in this respect, and are certainly marked by higher intellectual traits. Messrs. McDonald & Co. publish, in a quarto volume, entitled AGGRESSIVE CHRISTIANITY, ten of these sermons. They stir one in reading them like the sound of a trumpet. Dr. Daniel Steele introduces the work with a very appreciative and eloquent preface. The volume can but do good in awakening Christians both to their privilege and duty.

John B. Alden, the irrepressible publisher, in a cheap form, of substantial literature, issues, in his "Elzevir Library," at prices ranging from ten to five cents, THE HIGHWAYS OF LITERATURE, by David Pryde; THE COMMEMORATIONS OF CESAR, by Anthony Trollope; HERODOTUS, by Geo. C. Swayne; CICERO, by W. Lucas Collins; and DEMOSTHENES, by J. W. Brodritt.

Harper & Bros. issue, in their Franklin Square Library, STRAY PEARLS; Memoirs of Margaret De Ribaumont, by Charlotte M. Yonge; LETTERS AND MEMOIRS OF JANE WELSH CARLILE, edited by James Anthony Froude—30 cents; THE HANDS OF JUSTICE, by F. W. Robinson; and THE STORY OF MELICENT, by Fayr Madoc.

THE MAGAZINES.

The most cursory glance at the April *Harper's* would be sufficient to induce any reader to secure a copy for careful perusal. The Irving centennial in April explains why a newly-engraved portrait of one of the most genial of authors should form the frontispiece, and direct us to the Easy Chair, where Mr. Curtis gives us a most charming essay on "Washington Irving and His Critics." In "English Farmers" Mrs. Gibbons tells us what she saw and heard on the famous Sussex downs, while through the pencil of Mr. Reinhardt we are enabled to see for ourselves some of the most picturesque bits of scenery. A splendid

lot of portraits follow in Geo. T. Curtis' first paper on "The Treaty of Peace and Independence," a valuable contribution to our early history. Mr. Broughton holds our attention and interest with his pen-and-pencil account of







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## The Family.

JEPHTHA'S DAUGHTER.

BY REV. W. W. MARSH.

Fair lies the day on Gilead  
(My father's land and mine),  
From the soft vale of Ajalon,  
To Elai's woods of pine;  
And all the land it shines upon  
Is fair to eyes which see  
The slow sun, slanting westward,  
To rise no more for me,  
Or, flash with morning in its shine,  
These sunny slopes of fig and vine.

In these last, lonely midnight  
I've seen the stars grow dim,  
And bailed the purple morning  
Beyond the desert's rim;  
Have seen the heats of noonday  
(So near they loomed to me!)  
Quiver on Moab's sullen hills,  
Beside her silent sea;  
And watched with prayer the sun go down  
O'er Gerizim and Elai's crown.

How dear, how dear, these things have grown,  
In these lone months of days!  
As now I gaze from Mizpeh  
Down through this golden haze;  
Not he who gazed from Nebo  
Across swift Jordan's wave,  
To read the best land of promise  
That great Jehovah gave.

With such strange tenderness could know  
The vales and vineyards bright below!  
And I must go 'er the sunset  
To die! O Lord, to die!  
And all glad things so full of life  
Under Thy wide, calm sky!  
Alive I stand; and oh, how sweet  
Is this warm life to-day,  
Which leaps and thrills at every touch,  
And yet must ebb away!

I live and love, only to pass,  
Like lilies, trodden in the grass.  
Along these terraced hill-sides  
Rank grow the swells of vine,  
And through the dancing vine leaves  
Their purple clusters shine;  
And the vintage song of maidens  
Comes upward to my ear,  
As the treaders of the wine-press  
Chant with a careless cheer;  
And every vale and fruitful slope  
Is lapped in peace and hushed in hope.

All this with countless sweet glad things—  
Must cease with day to be!  
But not in this is sorest loss  
Of this young life to me.  
I see the home where mother mourns,  
From Mizpeh where I stand;  
And he—my land's deliverer—  
Stands crushed amid his band,  
With hollow eyes and white lips dumb,  
To watch the way o'er which I come.

Ah, how unlike that morning!—  
My blood is tingling yet,  
I've with my doom upon me,  
The host in ranks was set;  
The trumpets blew their maddening blast;  
The cymbals clashed; and strong,  
With spear and plumes, the thousands passed,  
As billows swept along;  
And he, my sire, with kingly eye,  
Stood, helmeted, to see the host pass by.

And I—I am Jephtha's daughter!  
Sole seed of his proud race,  
To bear, through peace and slaughter,  
His blood in form and face;  
And my heart beat high that morning,  
To think that blood of mine,  
In reins of unborn princes too,  
Should glow, like Heshbon's wine;  
Or lower from my arms should go,  
War-harnessed, to sweep down our foe.

And the thrill of that hot noon-tide—  
I feel its triumph still—  
When the flushed, dusty messenger  
Came panting 'er the hill:  
"Ho! Victory for Israel!  
The victory of Ammon's borders  
Is swept from Ammon's river,  
To Jabok's flashing ford;  
From Arzor to Minnith's crown  
A score of cities have gone down!"

O God! that such a blackness  
Should fall on that bright day,  
As timbrels rung and maidens danced,  
Round thy returning way;  
My father, I saw thee falter  
Amid thy thousands then,  
And the pride of thy smiling vanished,  
Thou kindest of men,  
As, smitten through thy mail, thou stood  
In that dim hollow in the wood.

But I—I am Jephtha's daughter!  
To die has joys for me,  
Since through our foe's discomfiture  
My home and land are free;  
And so in the coming harvest,  
And in the vintage days,  
When all the land lies safe and still,  
Wrapped in its mellow haze,  
Sweet tongues shall name my name, who died  
E'er blight had touched my maiden pride.

Ay, this is gladness too! for me  
No frost of age shall fall;  
No fall ripe joy of these rich years  
Shall pass beyond recall;  
No bloom of cheek, or red of lip,  
Or sunny light of eye,  
Or rounded limb, or springing step,  
Shall leave me e'er to die;  
But, fresh and fair, I pass to God  
By paths no man soul ever trod.

And in that dread hour of reck'ning,  
To which all souls shall come,  
Mayhap this hour may plead for me,  
Where I am sinning dumb;  
Ah! that you my father uttered  
Is closing on me now,  
And so, from this dear vision,  
With steady steps I go—  
To die! To die! Oh, life is sweet!  
Be still, my heart, thine home to meet!

### MODERN NAZARENES.

BY FRANK S. TOWNSEND.

The ancient Nazareth seems to have been a town whose inhabitants were generally of a vicious character. Their bad name having passed into a proverb, indicates that it was deserved. When Jesus, after some of His early public utterances and miracles, came to Nazareth and proclaimed His mission, He was instantly rejected, but not on account of the immorality of the people. The ones who rejected Him were the best of the population, as may be inferred from their attendance on the services of the synagogue. It is a strange, yet true, assertion, that they rejected Jesus because they knew so much about Him. He had been a boy in

their streets. His handiwork was upon their dwellings. His lowly kindred still dwelt in the town. Jewish pride revolted at the idea of such a man's assuming to Himself the prophetic words which belonged to the Messiah. They cast Him out with violence which was murderous in its intent, if not in its effect.

The modern Nazarenes differ somewhat from the ancient. They are more likely to be in a reasonably good place than in an utterly vile one. They are fully as numerous on Fifth Avenue as on Water Street. The American Nazareth is more likely to be Boston or Philadelphia than Deadwood. Surveying the state of Christian work in regard to communities, we are too often brought face to face with the startling paradox that those who are the nearest to Christ are the farthest from Him.

A few years ago, Dr. Fowler, in a missionary address, gave some figures showing that in proportion to the number of laborers, more conversions occurred in missions to the heathen than in church work at home; and the apex of this inverted pyramid was reached in the city of Boston. This does not imply that Boston is a wicked city than Calcutta or Pekin; it is more connected with the spirit of a Boston paper's declaration that those who have been born in Boston do not think it necessary to be born again.

The ancient Nazarenes had what might be called a physical knowledge of Christ which prevented their readily acquiring a just conception of His spiritual mission. The modern Nazarenes, in Boston or elsewhere, very often have an intellectual knowledge of Christ which is an equal barrier against entering into communion with His Spirit.

We have lately heard much about the decay of preaching, and various reasons have been suggested for the (assumed) inferiority of the pulpit oratory of to-day when compared with that of a Wesley or a Whitefield. Judged by results, it is indeed inferior, but there is some reason for holding the opinion that the change is in the people instead of the preachers.

William Arthur, in the "Tongue of Fire," speaks of Peter's sermon at Pentecost, and asks us to fancy the delight of Peter if he had been called upon to address an audience composed of those who already believed Jesus to be the Son of God and that His death was for them. But, after all, would it not have been harder to wring the cry, "What shall we do?" from three thousand who already intellectually knew what to do, than from the same number who heard the message for the first time? "As soon as they hear of Me, they shall obey Me," is the word. If the first appeal has been rejected, it is far easier to reject the subsequent ones. I have watched a man attending to great furnaces in the midst of heat which drove me to a distance. The heat was his element. He had grown accustomed to it because so much of his life was spent in it. There are souls who have lived in the presence of the Holy Ghost so long that the fiery baptism has no power upon them. We watch them with wonder as they keep unmoved in the midst of earnest prayers and grand revivals.

What was the power of Wesley and Whitefield? Their sermons read no better than many others. An ordinary minister who should deliver one of Wesley's sermons as his own, would not be likely to be detected in the fraud because the sermon was so much abler than his own productions. We read these simple statements of evangelical doctrine and earnest appeals to men to live holy lives, and wonder at the cries for mercy which followed them, while thousands sit unmoved under the real eloquence of so many preachers. Arthur attributes their power to a special gift of the Holy Ghost. Reverently admitting this sacred influence, there seems to be still another reason.

We have seen men devour coarse food and enjoy it better than they usually did luxuries. We have seen men drink, and pronounce delicious, water which they would ordinarily have despised. These things were because the men were hungry and thirsty. When men of thorough training, saintly life, and "an unction from the Holy One," went to the ignorant and vicious classes, proclaiming salvation, it is no wonder that multitudes were saved. When Whitefield planted his little pulpit on Moorfield and cried, "Behold the Lamb of God!" he cried out to the men who had scarce ever heard the message before. They gathered around him and drank it in as the parched earth drinks in the rain. When Cartwright went out on the frontiers, he preached to men and women who had no knowledge of spiritual things, and they ate the bread of life he broke

for them as the people of a beleaguered city eat the food their rescuers bring. We may also notice that the successes of these early preachers were rendered even more wonderful by the contrast of the sin on every hand.

"What shall we say then?" Is ignorance necessary to spiritual advancement? By no means. The difficulty has arisen by educating the intellect without corresponding spiritual work. Hawthorne's picture of the man who became a fiend by allowing his intellect to grow faster than his spiritual life, is a picture of what is passing in many souls.

If a preacher finds it harder to bring a hundred cultivated New Englanders to the altar than our fathers found it to bring a thousand vile sinners, it must be remembered that congregations are made of different material now, whether preachers are or not. Methodism began with the problem, "How shall we get the Gospel to the people?" In some places this has already become, "How shall we get the people to the Gospel?" We may have to learn over again the lesson of the "highways and hedges"—of the common and the wharf.

Bishop Warren has taught us that it is largely in the power of the church to keep her own. The little ones among us are of the kingdom of heaven. If these are taught of Jesus so early that truly

"Through Him the first fond prayers are said,  
Our lips of childhood frame,"  
it may be also true that

"The last low whispers of our dead  
Are burdened with His name."

Thus we may escape, for the civilization of to-day, the fate of the old Nazareth. God forbid that in the hands physically and intellectually nearest to Christ, it should again be written, "He came unto His own and His own received Him not!"

### COWPER'S GRAVE.

MR. EDITOR: A few days since I happened upon the following lines, written by Elizabeth B. Browning upon the "grave of Cowper." They brought affectionately to mind the image of the famous Dr. F. H. Newhall. Cowper was a poet, and his fame world-wide; yet he does not suffer when friends see the madhouse-clerk and the beautiful yet sad face recently cut off. The lines I send you are fragmentary, but are perhaps on that account the more fitting.

It is a place where poets, crown'd,  
May feel the heart's decay!  
It is a place where happy saints  
May weep and ponder prayer;  
Yet let the grief and loneliness  
As low as silence languish;  
Earth surely now may give her calm  
To whom she gave her anguish.

O poets! at a man's tongue  
Was poured the steadiest singing!  
O Christians! at your cross of hope  
A hopeless hand was clinging!  
O men! this man in brotherhood  
Your weary paths beguiling;  
Grown old and yet he taught you peace,  
And died while you were smiling.

And now what time ye all may read  
Through dimming tears his story,  
How discord on the music fell  
And darkness on the glory—  
And how when, one by one, sweet sounds  
A wondrous song of light departed,  
He wore no less a loving face  
Because so broken-hearted.

With sadness that is calm and gloom  
I learn to think upon him;  
With meekness that is gratefulness  
On God whose heaven has won him;  
Who suffered once the madhouse-clerk  
Toward His love to blind him,  
But gently led the blind along  
Where breath and bird could find him;

And wrought within his shattered brain  
Was poured the steadiest singing!  
As his love language for, and stars  
Harmonious influences!  
The pulse of dew upon the grass  
His own did calmly numbing;  
And silent shadow from the trees  
Felt o'er him like a slumber.

But while in blindness he remained  
Unconscious of his guiding,  
And things provided came without  
The sweet song of light providing,  
He testified this solemn truth—  
Though frenzy desolated—  
Not in our mad nature satisfy  
Whom only God created!

### BOSTON IN 1784.

"In truth, the traveler who at that day, prompted by curiosity to see the youngest republic, had the hardihood to endure the discomforts and dangers of a journey over the bad roads and through the almost desolate lands of the States, saw nothing more noticeable to put down in his journal than the marked difference of manners, of customs, of taste and refinement which prevailed in the country. Such a traveler usually landed in Boston after a seven weeks' voyage in a packet, and found himself in a city which then ranked third in importance, but would now be thought mean and poor. Indeed, carried back to the close of the Revolution, Boston would present a strange contrast to its present appearance. But for a few time-worn landmarks yet remaining, a Bostonian of to-day would seek in vain to recognize the provincial town of 1784 in the great city of 1882. He would not be able to find his own office, his own house, the street in which he lives. Cows were pastured where the houses of a dense population now crowd each other for room. Boys played ball in streets now noisy with the rush of traffic. Faneuil Hall, the Old South, the Old State House, and a few other relics of ancient times still exist; but they exist in a state of ruinous decay, and, before another generation has passed away, Old Boston will be known in tradition only."

The city in 1784 stood on the three hills which gave to it the second name of Trimountain, and contained, all told, fifteen thousand souls. There was then no bridge over Charles River, and when the tide was up, the Neck being entirely submerged, it often happened that the town was cut off from all connection with the mainland. "The streets of the city were laid out with no regularity, and were given

names which, either from their English associations or the coarseness of the times they recalled, were, by a more refined generation, gradually changed. George Street has thus become Hancock Street; King has been changed to State; Queen to Court; Marlborough to Washington. What was once Black Horse Lane is now Prince Street; Cow Lane is now High Street; Frog Lane is now Orange Street; Hog Alley is now Orange Street; Longacre has become Tremont Street; Love Lane has been changed to Thoson; Pond to Bedford; Paddy's Alley to North Centre; Flounder Lane is now merged in the south end of Broad Street.

The carriage-way along these narrow lanes and alleys was unpaved. The sidewalks or footways were unfenced. Each was, in the language of the time, pitched with large pebbles, and the footway was marked off from the carriage-way by a line of posts and rails, after the manner of many old English towns. The roads were such as would now excite the indignation of a country newspaper. The pebbles were ill laid and ill-kept. Yet travelers admitted the road was as good as could then be found in many parts of London, and the horseman who galloped over it was fished to the amount of three shillings and fourpence. As to the houses which lined the streets on either side, they were, in the older portion of the city, mean and squalid. Built entirely of wood, with unpainted weatherboard sides and shingle roofs surmounted by ugly wooden railings, within which, every wash-day, shirts and petticoats flapped in the wind, they contrasted strongly with the better class of dwellings on the west side of town. There the streets were neater. There the houses of brick with Georgian pillars up the front, and columns of the same order supporting the porch, and handsome entrances to which led up a long flight of sandstone steps, stood back in the gardens dense with English elms and shrubs. Honeysuckles twined round the porch, and high damask roses grew under the windows. "History of the People of the United States," by J. B. McMaster. D. Appleton & Co., publishers.

### Our Girls.

EDUCATION, IDEAL AND REAL.

IN THE HERALD OF MARCH 21, Rev. Anna Oliver, B. D., writes of Marion's new "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Mothers," in a manner plainly indicating that, with all her noble and consecrated talents, she is taking her views of the education needed by our girls from the standpoint of her study rather than from the battle field of life. In her advice to the educated Marion, who has resolved to minister with her own loving hands to her weary mother's wants even if she must neglect her literary club, Miss Oliver says: "Send for Widow Blank, who will be glad to make the muffins and do two or three days' housework each week while mother curls up on the sofa, takes her nap, and feels fresh and rested all the time." She further says: "Widow Blank is an excellent woman, and her life is to be found in every town," etc. In all of which advice the reverend lady shows an innocent ignorance of the domestic problems of this day, coming from a less distinguished source, would be best passed by with a smile. The picture of Widow Blank, so worthy, so capable, is an ideal one; the real is to be found in the experience of housekeepers to-day who find very few such good, capable, needy women who can be had for the asking; and in the place of such they are forced too often to take the brainless, careless servant whose very presence in the house precludes all rest of mind or body for the tired mother.

But supposing good Widow Blank is at hand, Miss Oliver meets another practical problem for Marion to solve—that of "How shall I get the money to pay for such services?"—in the situation of which she says to Marion: "Use your brains in congenial toil to secure the means." The fact remains that money will not in most cases secure such service in the household to-day as will not require such constant care and supervision as to weary instead of rest the mother who is at the helm. It is also true that brains sometimes fail of recognition in the commercial world, and often not until after years of labor, struggle and discipline, that will not always come from the pursuit of wholly congenial tasks.

But Miss Oliver marks out no such life of poorly-requited toil for Marion; she is, rather, with her brains to provide the needed help at home, solve the problem of domestic life, and have time left, too, for her literary club and buggy-riding with mother. Surely a delightful programme; but as an educator for the stern battle of life, does it not partake more of the ideal than the real?

Reverting to the situation in many homes to-day, we find that ignorance of the commonest principles of domestic economy, both in mistress and maid, is the cause of great unhappiness, and bears fruit in its too numerous mention. Now, in view of these facts, is it not time to recognize as an essential feature of the real education needed for our girls, a practical knowledge of household duties? Not that our girls should not cultivate, to the fullest extent possible, their intellect; but why should they not, whether congenial or otherwise, use some of their brain power in becoming acquainted with the details of house-work, so as to be able to intelligently direct affairs in their own future homes, or, if their circumstances should require, to dispense with incompetent, expensive help? While getting this training the mother can often find time to lay aside her cares, and have great reason to rejoice that her daughters are preparing themselves to meet the duties that await them in life.

Word-paintings and fine theories, although often to be admired, suffer when brought in contact with the reality of life, and in all these social problems we have to deal with the facts as we find them. Miss Oliver's suggestion that Marion should engage only in congenial labor and "earn money to spend for noble purposes rather than to work in scrimping and saving," does not

promise for the future a character that will best fill the mission of woman. No true woman can but rejoice at the grand opportunities that are opening to intelligent women in all the walks of life, and the true education of the girls entrusted to her care cannot be too highly prized. But I claim that the education of books without some of the discipline and training in the practical matters of life, is one-sided and incomplete. Do business men consider the young man just from his college class fully fitted to enter upon the work of a salesman or an accountant without some practical experience in those lines? I believe, from personal observation, that music, painting, dish-washing, study, cooking, sewing and recreation, can become a part of our girls' daily life, resulting in a harmonious character that will prepare them for the work of life, whether it shall lead them in the line of inclination or at the stern behests of duty in an opposite direction. So I have great respect for Marion's new society, and trust its membership will be large and active. Healthy brains must have healthy bodies; the physical as well as the moral and intellectual foundations must be laid in the home life; and such can only be the case when intelligence shall reign in kitchen, nursery and parlor. M. Cincinnati, April 14, 1883.

### "AUNT DUNBAR."

BY ADRIAN M. THRELL.

(Continued.)

While we were waiting, the supper-table rang, and we ran off, saying that we would return after supper to finish our joke. After tea we were invited down into the kitchen to a candy-pull, and forgot all about poor, supercilious Aunt Dunbar. We had such a merry time over our candy, that we stayed until the retiring bell rang and the preceptress came to remove us to our tardiness and send us to our rooms. Not until I was safe in bed did I think of poor "Aunt Dunbar." I was too much of a coward to go up to the attic in the dark, so, hoping somebody had remembered her, I fell asleep.

Early in the morning I went into the other girls' rooms, and inquired about her. Like myself they had all forgotten her. We went into her room, in the hope that she might be there, but it was empty and her bed showed no signs of having been occupied. Considerably alarmed at the extent of our joke, we started for the attic. "Do you suppose that she will tell?" said Nina. "If she does, we shall catch it." "And deserve it," said I. "Amaz!" responded Mabel.

We found the attic door fastened in the same manner in which we had left it the night before. "Poor thing!" said Nina. "I should have been frightened to death if I had been obliged to stay there all night," and even she proposed that we should make an apology. We called to her several times, but received no answer. Thinking that she might be asleep, we ascended the stairs. But she was not to be seen. Afraid that she might have fainted, we crawled around the damp old room, feeling behind every box and barrel, but to no purpose.

Our faces, when we left the attic, were very white. Where could she be? We could suggest no satisfactory answer. What we thought of would be absurd to tell. It is sufficient to say that the imaginations of some of us were fired by the stealthy readings of certain forbidden novels. Nina, more practical than the rest of us, said: "Come, girls, she must have escaped in some way. She fastened the door, and with malice aforethought, is trying to give us a little scare. You keep quiet, and I guess that she will turn up by breakfast time."

But breakfast brought no "Aunt Dunbar." Even Nina ate little that morning. "Is Miss Dunbar ill?" asked a teacher, as I was leaving the room. I answered that I did not know, while a guilty blush stole over my face. When I told the other girls of her question, they were as much alarmed as myself; but Nina said that there was no help for it now, and that we must appear as ignorant as possible.

It was not long before we were summoned before the teacher who first missed her. "Oh, dear," said Mabel, whose imagination was greatest, "likely as not, when they find that we are concerned in her absence, they will try to us for murder. They know that I have a grudge against her about that letter."

We all answered the teacher by saying that we had seen her last about supper-time the night before. This was true; but, nevertheless, we felt guilty. The buildings were immediately searched, and, finally, the ponds. A telegram was sent to her mother, and she came that night. She was only an older edition of the daughter. She had a sweet, patient old face, soft folds of white hair, and the same innocent, trusting eyes, telling of a heart ready to love and slow to realize the evils of its fellow-beings. She was just as old-fashioned as "Aunt Dunbar," but we did not mind it as much. Her hands trembled and her form seemed bowed with this new trouble.

"Mattie is all that I have got," she kept repeating, as she wandered about in her pitiful search. "She could not have run away intentionally from mother, for she must have loved you all." She seemed to think that she had wandered away and died, rather than that anything had befallen her through human agency. "Who would have wanted to hurt my Mattie?" she would often ask. One afternoon, a day or two after she had been with us, we were gathered in "Aunt Dunbar's" room, trying to comfort the old lady. She was talking to

us about Mattie, and showing us some of her things. With a reverent, motherly touch she took her Bible—the same one that we had hidden—and pointed out to us some of its texts, telling us the circumstances associated with many marked passages.

"Here," said she, "is one mark that she made the night before she left home. She never had been away from me before, and she disliked very much to go among strangers; but she was so forward a scholar that, although I didn't know how to spare her, I insisted upon it. I knew that nobody could help being good to her. The dear child was always afraid that I should deny myself something for her. She was always looking out for mother. Why, when she came here, I gave her ten dollars for spending money, and what did the dear child do but take it and buy me a birthday present. But somebody else would probably have had it if she had not given it to me; only she always looked out for mother first. Here is a verse marked since she left home, 'Cast all your care on Him, for He careth for you.' I think she must have been homesick when she marked that passage, although she never mentioned it in any of her letters. She often used to speak of her teachers, telling how kind they were; but she never mentioned any of you. I think it is strange, for she must have loved you."

We were all crying, and feeling as if I could bear no more, I rushed to the room of the preceptress and astonished her by snatching from her hands a roll of compositions and throwing myself into her arms, saying:—  
"We did not mean to destroy her; but I know that in some way we did. We were cruel to her. It is a judgment upon us. I wish that I was dead. I know that I shall never be happy again."

I had eaten and slept but little for two days, and I was almost in hysterics.

"Why, child," said the teacher, "what does this mean? Tell me, and she stroked my head and soothed me until I was calm enough to explain.

When I told her all I knew, she seemed much perplexed, and told me to call the other girls. They all told her the same story. "We have searched the attic once," said she, "yet it seems now as if she must be there. Let us look again."

She led the way up the damp old stairs, and we followed, clinging to her with a nervous dread. Silently we searched the rafters, boxes, and barrels. We found nothing, and were about to go down when we met the bereaved mother coming up the stairs. The chambermaid, who had heard us talking, had told her of our errand, and although she did not understand why we should search in such a place, she had followed us. It was touching to see her, with her trembling hands, pushing away the barrels and peering among the cobwebs while the tremulous lips kept repeating:—  
"Mattie! Mattie!"

We were watching her with tears of pity when we were startled by a voice saying, "Mother! Mother!" It was so hollow that it seemed like a voice from the dead. Ignorant of where it came from, we rushed forward in every direction. Nobody was to be seen; but still, when the mother called, again there came the answer: "Mother! Mother!" We went to the side of the building whence the answer seemed to come, but found nothing except a wall.

"Mattie! Mattie!" again called her mother. "Where are you?"

"Here, mother; come quick!" was the answer.

The sound was before us; but there was nothing to be seen except the wall. She was evidently behind the partition.  
"Tell us, Mattie, how you came here," said the teacher.  
"When I found that I could not escape from the attic that night, I crawled around the room until I found something that resembled, in the twilight, a door ajar. Thinking that it might be another way out, I went past it. It closed after me, and I was unable to open it. I have heard you searching for me before this afternoon, but you never before came near enough to hear my calls for aid. I thought that I should have to die here. My strength is about gone."

We saw no way of releasing her; so the steward was sent for. He was an old man who had been employed by the institution since his youth.

"Strange that I should ever have forgotten that place," he said. "A little cell is built in this corner of the building, where, in the days of old Dr. Davis, we used to punish refractory students. Reckon 'twouldn't hurt some of ye now," he added, as he slyly glanced at some of us. Then he touched a spring that was partly visible, and a portion of the wall seemed to fly back, revealing to us a narrow little cell in which was crouched poor "Aunt Dunbar." Almost fainting, she fell into her mother's arms.

She was nearly starved and worn out. A physician was sent for, and she was carried to her room, where mother and teachers labored to restore the almost finished life. Soon after the preceptress returned to her room, six very white faces appeared before her with the question, "Will she live?"

"Yes," said the teacher, "but only by kindness and care. Do you think that you have had sport enough to let her have it?"

She said nothing more in reproach, although we were humbled enough for anything.  
"Aunt Dunbar" was ill a long time. She was too weak to see many, but we sent her various delicacies, handing them to her mother, who would look at us with a puzzled expression as if trying to understand why we made her Mattie the victim of such a joke. One day we waited in the hall for the physician, who, they told us, was paying his last visit to "Aunt Dunbar." When he appeared, we handed him a roll of money. It was the pocket money we had

been saving to pay the expense of her sickness.

That night we were invited into the sick room. "Aunt Dunbar" was pale and weak, but she greeted us with a bright smile. We started to say, "Can you forgive?" but she stopped us. "You did not mean anything," she said. She kissed each of us, and we passed out without even apologizing.

She stayed with us until she graduated. We tried to make her forget the past, and evidently succeeded, for she was always the same kind friend as ever.

### The Little Folks.

#### THE LITTLE BIRD.

A little bird with feathers brown  
Sat singing on a tree—  
The song was very soft and low,  
But sweet as it could be.

And all the people passing by  
Looked up to see the bird  
That made the sweetest melody  
That ever they had heard.

But all the bright eyes looked in vain,  
For birds were so small,  
And with a modest dark brown coat,  
He made no show at all.

"Why, papa," little Grace said,  
"Where can this bird be?  
If I could sing a song like that,  
I'd sit where folks could see."

"I hope my little girl will learn  
A lesson from that bird,  
And try to do what good she can,  
Not to be seen or heard."

"This bird is content to sit  
Unnoticed by the way,  
And sweetly sing his Maker's praise  
From dawn to close of day."

"So live, my child, all through your life,  
Be it short or long,  
Though others may forget your looks,  
They'll not forget your song."

#### FROM OUR MISSION ROOMS.

The subject for the June Concert of Prayer for Missions will be, "The Work of the Press in Missions."

Central China.—Our Central China Mission has procured a fine building site at Wahn, a town on the Yangtze about one hundred miles in a direct line southwestward from Chinkiang, and therefore higher up the river than that city. It is hoped to settle two mission families there the present year. Preparations are already made for building. Rev. G. W. Woodall and T. H. Worcy were at the last annual meeting appointed to this circuit. At Chinkiang, also, a very desirable lot of ground has been secured on the hills just outside of the Concession. The mission account themselves fortunate in obtaining this very eligible site, which was not secured without difficulty.

Centennial School, Lucknow, India.—The land which it had been proposed to purchase for the new building for this school has now been secured. Rev. E. H. Badley's account in the Society's Annual Report for 1882 shows that work had already begun on the materials for the building; 5,000 rupees have been appropriated by the government for the erection of the new building, and 5,000 by the municipality. A like amount valued at about \$2,000 was some time ago provisionally appropriated to this object by the Missionary Society. The work will now go forward. There seems to be a grand future before this school. It is for native Christian youth, and they come from all parts of India. R. V. H. Badley, the principal, is doing thorough work.

Bulgaria.—There is as yet no change for the better in the prospects of our mission. The weight of the troubles in international politics. The influence of Russia is just now paramount. It is said that two Russian generals who have been accustomed to administer the affairs of their government in Central Asia have been recently the moving power in Bulgaria. They have the present ministry entirely in their hands. The former ministry resigned in disgust at this growing dominance of the arbitrary Russian manner in the government, which was manifested in other ways beside the closing of our schools. This course of things is odious to the Bulgarians generally. It is not easy to predict just what the outcome will be. The Prince may side again with the people, or appeal to the Western Powers. It is reported that the prefect in Sisto, who closed our school in so rude a manner, has already been removed. If the ex-ministry come again into power, they will find it easy to undo what has been effected against us. As a body they were favorable to us. Still it is thought by good judges that Russia has entered upon a determined course in seeking to control affairs absolutely in Bulgaria, and will not relax her grasp. The case is desperate and demands patient waiting and prayer.

Utah Mission.—Rev. T. C. Hill, the new superintendent, says, under recent date: "We are gaining little by little in this Zion; nothing wonderful, but a healthy advance and a steady increase in courage. The outlook in every department of our work is fully fifty per cent. ahead of last October."

The "Abstract of the Report of the Missionary Society for 1882," already announced as issued from the Mission Rooms, will be very useful for circulation in the churches. It gives a general survey of the mission fields, and has the table of summary statistics and directory of foreign missionaries. It contains brief extracts from the several foreign mission reports. Let the pastors send for it to supply the people with fresh information.



### Farm and Garden.

#### OUR VEGETABLE GARDEN.

As the season of planting is at hand, the question arises in the minds of those having gardens, "What shall I plant?" Having tested nearly all the varieties of garden vegetables, we recommend the following list as the best for the garden, where quality is the principal element in table vegetables. Also a list covering the entire season—early, medium, and late varieties being named. Be sure and use good seed.

Asparagus—C. Lissal, Moore's.  
Beans—Figu, Golden Wax, Dwarf.  
Peas—Concord, Horticultural, Lima.  
Beets—Eclipse, Dowing's, Turnip Root.  
Cabbage—Henderson's Ey, Brunswick, Am. Navy.  
Carrot—Ey. Horn, Danvers, Imp. Orange.  
Cauliflower—Snowball, Paris, Erfurt.  
Sweet Corn—Marblehead, Excelsior, Snowball.  
Cucumber—Ey. Russian, White Spine, Long Green.  
Celery—Boston Market, Crawford's, Seed.  
Egg-Plant—Ey. Dwarf, N. Y. Improved, Peking.  
Lettuce—Ey. Simpson, Boston Curled, Hanscom.  
Water Melon—Phiney's, Mt. Sweet, Cuban.  
Musk-Melon—Christiana, Surprise, Bay View.  
Onions—Ey. Red, Yellow Danvers, Globe.  
Parsnips—Sweet Dutch, Student, White.  
Peas—Am. Wonder, Advance, Champion.  
Peppers—Belle, Squash, Golden Mango.  
Potatoes—Beauty of Hebron, Snowflake, Pearl.  
Spinach—Round Leaf, New Zealand.  
Summer Squash—Ey. Crookneck, Essex, Hybrid.  
Winter Squash—Turban, Marrow, Hubbard.  
Tomatoes—Acme, Essex, Paragon.  
Turnips—White Egg, Sweet German.  
Winter Turnips—Purple-top, White French.

With regard to the influence of Unitarian teachings, it may be justly said that they have, at least, an observable tendency to promote a spirit of heedlessness with reference to the positive precepts of the revealed Word, to render men insensible to the real nature of sin and disposed to regard a thin veneer of formal religious services over a body of respectable morality as equivalent to the holiness of heart without which "no man can see the Lord."

Finally, what may be said of the growth and future prospects of the denomination? They have been pleased to adopt of late the somewhat high-sounding title of the Free Church of America, and in not a few of our New England country villages, especially, they endeavor to make it appear that they are a very influential and rapidly growing religious body. A writer, however, of unquestioned ability and favored with opportunities of extended observation, in an article in one of our leading magazines a year or two since, said: "The West is dotted with dead, the East with dying, Unitarian churches." My own somewhat limited observation here in New England has served to confirm my mind as to the truth of the above statement.

The course pursued in some of these association meetings and conventions during the year is, upon their own part, a confession of weakness. At one meeting they thought it necessary to "resolve" that they are a Christian church. In some localities they seek to cultivate fraternal relations with evangelical churches, with a view to making it appear that they do not essentially differ in teaching and aim from these churches, while on the other hand the action of the last Saratoga convention showed an equal readiness upon their part to fraternize with extreme Liberalists. By way of better promoting such fellowship, they even proposed to drop from their platform an important plank that would be offensive to that body. The Alliance, however, the organ of the Liberalists, in an able article declined to accept these overtures, showed upon the part of the convention, and declared, as there was no half-way tint between Evangelical Christianity and the position taken by extreme Liberalism and Rationalism. It is to be feared that in some localities evangelical churches have been lacking either the discernment or candor of the editor of the Alliance, and that by favoring fraternal relations with Unitarian churches, they have done much mischief. Those who are given to that sort of thing will do well to read and ponder 2 John 9: 11.

#### THE FUTURE OF UNITARIANISM.

In the remarks of Bro. Pillsbury in the Herald of Feb. 25, relative to Bro. Mallahan's article, "Orthodox Theology," he (P) made an incidental reference to what he regarded as the probable future of Congregational Unitarianism, saying that he had been accustomed to predict that the "second edition" would be a conversion of the denomination. This remark has served to awaken in my mind some reflections that I am moved to give expression to in the columns of the Herald.

I have looked of late to see in the Herald something either from the editorial pen or from a regular contributor, with reference to the character and tendency of the utterances that have been delivered recently in Boston Theatrical and Music Hall under the auspices of the Suffolk Conference of Unitarian Churches, reports of which have been widely circulated through the medium of the secular press. To the superficial reader or hasty reader of these addresses, the substance of which is reported in the Boston dailies, they have an air of plausibility that commands assent, and they are unquestionably exerting a considerable influence upon a certain class of minds. But like almost all of the deliriousness peculiar to the Unitarian pulpit and platform, they are a mixture of untruths and half truths with only a thin disguise of truth tending to deceive the unwary.

The character of some of my students in the early days of my student life preparatory to entering the ministry led me to give special attention to the character of Unitarian teaching. For the past ten years I have sought, both by reading and observation, to make myself familiar with the modes of thought, general influence and organic growth of that body.

Without presuming to give here any carefully formulated doctrinal statements, I think I may fairly say that what is peculiar to the denomination as distinct from the faith of evangelical churches, when stripped of sentimental adornments and simmered down, amounts to about this: that mankind have never forfeited their birthright by transgression, and therefore, on the ground of being natural children of God, they are rightful heirs to a blissful immortality; that Jesus is simply the greatest and best pattern man that has appeared in history and in no sense an atoning Saviour; and, finally, that the Bible is no more authoritative than any other book only so far as its teachings will bear the test and command the assent of the human reason and understanding.

The above teachings are not always, in fact but seldom, put in this bald form. For they were, hundreds of really devout people who call themselves Unitarians and worship with that body, would be shocked and turned away. In general, the Unitarians are trying hard to make it appear that they are occupying a middle ground between evangelical Christianity and extreme rationalism. Many, indeed, fancy that they do actually hold such ground. The truth of the matter is, however, that the middle ground really has no existence except in fancy. The Scriptures, as Dr. Willis has well said, are on the side of evangelical Christianity. Allow for a moment that the authoritative utterances of the God-breathed Word may be fairly questioned, and the next step in

evitably leads to the enthronement of reason as supreme and competent to decide unaided upon the issues of life, death and eternity.

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The logic of such reasoning was plain even to an Irishman, and no sooner had the dignified senator taken his seat, when a "son of Erin" arose. He is an intelligent Roman Catholic and a man of progressive ideas, who is interested in the welfare of the town. He said: "Mr. Moderator, I suppose by the way Mr. ——— talks, he would have us quit preaching the Gospel because there are some people who will go to hell."

This was a stinging rebuke; all the more so because of the source from whence it came. The audience sent up a storm of applause for the Irishman's happy hit, and the overthrow of the senator's argument.

It is almost needless to say, that the article was adopted by a nearly unanimous vote.

#### Obituaries.

LESLIE FILES, after several months of patient suffering with consumption, died, Nov. 17, 1882, in Gorham, Me., aged 17 years.

Death to her had no terror. She could say: "For me to live is Christ, but to die is gain." She sought and found the Saviour when a child of only eight years of age, and her life after was so pure and consistent that even the doubts were convinced that there may be genuine conversion in childhood. Members of her large infant Sunday-school class often inquire about their teacher, whom they loved so much, leaving them and going to heaven. Her funeral was held in the church, which was filled with those who knew and loved her, and many warm tears were shed over the white effluvia of a soul still whiter, "washed in the blood of the Lamb."

PRILEY CHANDLER.

Died, in Weston, Vt., Feb. 23, 1883, Mrs. ETTIE E. B. HALE, wife of Jacob C. Hale, of Weston, Mass., aged 27 years.

Sister Hale embraced religion in 1859, under the labors of Rev. J. S. Barrows in this place. Her piety was marked in all the walks of life, and more especially as she approached the valley and shadow of death. She was married to J. C. Hale, Oct. 10, 1879. She was most patient and kind in all the duties and trials of life. Having desire to return to her father's (J. B. Hale) of this place and die with her friends, on the 12th of January she was removed here, where her husband and loving hands and hearts cared faithfully for her needs. She made all the arrangements for her funeral, which took place Feb. 28. A very large circle of sympathizing friends deeply felt her loss. May God sanctify this affliction to the highest good of all!

M. ADAMS.

Rev. JONATHAN WHITNEY was born May 30, 1815, in Greensboro, Vermont. His father died before he was five years old. His mother kept the family together until her health failed. At eight he went to live with Mr. Sawyer, with whom he stayed till he was fourteen. At about this time he united with the M. E. Church. He was pious from his childhood. His people were members of the Baptist Church. At this time he entered upon his father's business, but he was not content as he had opportunity, frequently studying by the light of the chimney fire. At about twenty he began holding meetings. At twenty-one he was licensed to exhort in Pottsville circuit, Vermont. He was soon after licensed as a local preacher in Derby, Vermont. He entered the Vermont Conference in 1841, and was in due time ordained deacon by Bishop James, and elder by Bishop Hedding.

After effective work in Vermont Conference for eight years he located and removed to Hiram, Wis., and engaged in business. For a time he supplied the Princeton circuit by appointment of J. M. Walker, presiding elder. He was admitted to the effective ranks in Milwaukee, and sustained an effective relation in the Wisconsin Conference for twelve years. He then superintended for a time, and again was made effective, but after two years was again compelled by failing health to superintend. He removed to Waseca, Minn., in 1875, and lived on a small farm, doing valuable work in the church in Waseca as preacher, Sunday-school superintendent and trustee. He took the method to advise them to consent to his removal to supply Morrisville circuit, and did good work for a time, but at last his health utterly failed, and he was compelled to give up his charge.

In 1882, he and his wife came to the home of the writer, in Minneapolis, Minn., to spend the winter, hoping by entire rest and good medical care to rally; but in November last he was compelled to retire to his room, and though all was done for him that human skill could devise, he gradually failed, until Sunday morning, Feb. 18, 1883, he fell asleep in Jesus. He was a good, true man, a faithful and devoted Methodist minister. During his last illness he was a great sufferer, but very patient and fully resigned. He frequently expressed his confidence and trust in the great verities of the Gospel he had preached to others. Sister Whitney waits for a blessed reunion in heaven.

R. FORBES.

Died, at Shapere, Wis., Mrs. ALICE ELLA BOYCE, wife of A. M. Boyce, and daughter of Rev. Wm. J. Wilson, of the Wisconsin Conference, formerly of the East Maine Conference.

She was born in Harmony, Me., May 17, 1818, and with her parents came West in 1837. She was united in marriage to her now deceased husband, Nov. 29, 1867, at Broadhead, Wis., by her father. Seven years she spent in Nebraska, where she was active in doing all the good that lay in her power. The weary itinerant always found a kind and warm welcome at her home after the long journeys across those bleak frontier prairies. The children, also, whom she taught in the schools will not soon forget her loving counsel and kind advice. When she found her health was indeed failing, she had a strong desire to return to her father's home in Wisconsin, which she did in the fall of 1879. Her friends saw with deep sorrow that disease had taken a strong hold of her frail body, but hoped, with the aid of skillful physicians and change of climate, that they could yet bring her back to health; but it was otherwise ordered, and for more than two years her life was slowly but surely ebbing out, and on the 23d of October, 1882, she crossed over the river to join loved ones gone before.

Her life, though brief, had much in it of refinement, beauty and true piety of an elevated character. Her husband, two children, parents, two sisters, and many friends, as well as the church of her choice, have lost a true, loving and faithful friend, and a worthy member of our communion on earth. As loving hands laid the dear, lifeless form tenderly in its last resting-place, made beautiful with flowers, we could but feel the strong cry, look just younger and see her rise in the beauty, majesty and glory of immortal youth and join the happy throng at God's right hand.

W.

A gentleman in Memphis, Tennessee, who has been using the Compound Oxygen Treatment, in speaking of its good effects in his case, says: "I find my general health splendid. Work all day—no weariness at night, except that caused by sleep. Sleep splendidly! Appetite best in the world. No cold since using the Oxygen." Our Treatise on Compound Oxygen, its nature, action, and results, with reports of cases and full information, sent free. DR. STARKLEY & PALEN, 1109 and 1111 Girard Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Mrs. JULIA MORRELL was born in Newport, N. H., July 29, 1796, and died in Newport, Me., October 20, 1882.

In her early life Sister Morrell's parents removed from New Hampshire to Maine. Soon after they arrived in this state a revival of religion broke out in Cornville. With one of her brothers Sister M. went two or three miles to these meetings. She became very much interested. Work at home was pressing, but the weight of sin upon her and the fact that she had a soul to save, pressed more heavily. Work went on. Jesus was sought and found precious to her soul. When about twenty years of age she united with the M. E. Church. In March, 1818, she was united in marriage to Josiah Morrell, and with her husband she went to Corinth, Me., to take up a farm. Here she became identified with early

Methodism in Eastern Maine. The duties and trials of pioneer life did not diminish her love for Christ, but rather seemed to draw her nearer to Him. Her chief desire was at all times to do His will.

About thirty-five years ago her husband went to dwell with Him whom they had so loved. Alone, as it seemed, Sister M. felt that her Saviour was nearer and dearer. She longed more upon Him, and seemed to draw new inspiration from that never-failing Fountain. Some ten years ago she came to Newport, Me., to live with her son. The last eight years of her life were those of an invalid. Confined to her room most of the time, she only seemed to have more time to think of Him who had done so much for her. There was no complaining; her thoughts dwelt upon her Master, and it was her greatest desire even to the last to learn of Him. When death came, it found her waiting and waiting with her work done and well done. Calm and peaceful, she entered into her rest.

I. H. W. W.

Died, in Dresden, Me., Jan. 24, 1883, DAVID W. OLDS, aged 57 years and 7 months.

Bro. Olds was converted to God and joined the M. E. Church in Arrowsville some nineteen years ago, during the pastorate of Rev. C. L. Haskell. Soon after he was transferred by letter to the M. E. Church in Dresden. He was a true man, true to God, true to his family, true to his pastor, and always at his post in the house of God. He very acceptably filled the office of class-leader for a number of years. For weeks his sufferings were great, but not a murmur passed his lips. He fought the good fight, he kept the faith, and triumphantly passed away, to die no more. We miss him here, but expect to meet him where the storms never blow and the long summer is given. A widow and two daughters mourn their loss. May the Lord comfort them.

J. S. CROSBY.

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